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THIS ISSUE of *The Nation* goes to press on the evening of Election Day. Comment on details of the election results must therefore be postponed until next week.

WE CANNOT LET the campaign fade into the background without calling attention to one extremely important statement made just before the election by Governor Roosevelt. It read as follows:

As to immediate relief: the first principle is that this nation owes a positive duty that no one shall be permitted to starve. This means that while the immediate responsibility for relief rests with local, public, and private charity, in so far as these are inadequate, the States must carry the burden, but whenever the States are unable adequately to do so, the federal government owes the positive duty of stepping into the breach.

The Governor went on to say that the present Republican Administration early took a position against the frank recognition of this principle. He has therefore definitely committed himself to the principle of federal support for the starving in terms which he cannot possibly wriggle out of later. This is a position much advanced from the one that he took a year or more ago when he appealed to the Legislature of the State of New York for emergency relief funds and promised that not one dollar in cash of any money which the Legislature might appropriate would soil the hands of any indigent unemployed. We presume, of course, that if and when he faces the emergency next year he will still maintain that there must be no direct dole; that the federal money must go through the State channels. But sooner or later, if the emergency continues, he will have to be ready

to witness the handing over of cash to starving Americans. We have never been able to understand how anyone can split hairs and say that the ladling out of flour and clothes and coal to individuals who are in dire want is better for the individual than giving them the money and letting them go and fill their needs themselves.

AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN in New York City, President Hoover, ostensibly quoting his own acceptance speech at Palo Alto in 1928, spoke as follows:

In America today we are nearer a final triumph over poverty than in any land. The poorhouse has vanished from amongst us; we have not reached that goal, but, given a chance to go forward, we shall, with the help of God, be in sight of the day when poverty will be banished from this nation.

What he really said at Palo Alto four years ago, as Fabian Franklin has pointed out in a letter to the *New York Times*, was this:

... we have not yet reached the goal, but given a chance to go forward *with the policies of the last eight years*, we shall, with the help of God, *soon* be within sight of the day when poverty will be banished from this nation.

The President's performance added the final touch to an election campaign in which everybody misquoted everybody else, including himself.

THE SUPREME COURT, in setting aside the death sentences of the seven Negro boys convicted at Scottsboro, Alabama, has done honor to itself and prevented the staining of the good name of the United States by another dreadful miscarriage of justice. This does not mean that the boys are set free—only that they are to have a new trial under different circumstances from those surrounding the original one, when an atmosphere of hostility and race prejudice made a fair trial impossible. While this decision will not wholly change the opinion of multitudes that there is no chance in America for poor and friendless persons as wrongfully accused as were Sacco and Vanzetti, it should do wonders for the reputation of our American judiciary abroad. Almost nobody in the United States realizes that the Scottsboro case has become a matter of tremendous moment all over Europe and in Moscow, where excitement over this case has been only less intense than that aroused by the Sacco and Vanzetti executions. For example, sixteen hundred German literary lights, headed by Thomas Mann, signed a petition of protest, and more than one American consulate in Europe has been put almost into a state of siege because of a case of which probably not one in a hundred thousand Americans living beyond the Ohio has ever heard.

THAT THE WICKERSHAM REPORT on the Mooney-Billings case contains little that is new is not surprising. That the three legal experts who at the request of the Wickersham Commission inquired into the circumstances of the conviction of Tom Mooney and Warren Bill-

ings found that they had not in fact been given a fair trial, but were the victims of police trickery, manufactured evidence, and official lawlessness, is also not astonishing, for every fair-minded person who has knowledge of the case has long been convinced of the innocence of the two men. What angers us is the fact that this report was so long suppressed and is now finally being published only through the efforts of private citizens. The investigation, conducted by Zechariah Chafee, Jr., Carl Stern, and Walter Pollak, was official in every sense of the word. The conclusions reached by these eminent lawyers should have been sufficient to arouse the government for which they were acting to do whatever it possibly could to correct this gross miscarriage of justice. But far from showing even the slightest indignation, the Hoover Administration and its agency, the Wickersham Commission, deliberately suppressed the report. One word from the White House would have been enough to compel Congress to publish the document. But with the help of the Republican reactionaries in Congress the report was quietly buried by the Senate committee to which it had been submitted. The imprisonment of Mooney and Billings constitutes without question an official crime. By suppressing the Wickersham report the Hoover Administration stands convicted as an accessory after the fact to this unjust and inhumane proceeding.

THERE IS RENEWED HOPE in Europe as well as in Washington that the Geneva disarmament conference will eventually come to a substantial agreement covering the reduction of land forces. The defeatism of a few weeks ago, which gave rise to many rumors of a new European war, has been turned into cautious optimism through the efforts principally of Norman H. Davis and Premier Herriot. Mr. Davis has talked with the leading statesmen of England, France, Italy, and other countries. He has endeavored to smooth out the increasing difficulties which recently threatened to bring the Geneva disarmament conference to an untimely end, and reports from the various European capitals indicate that he has had more than passing success. Premier Herriot likewise has contributed to the new atmosphere of hope and understanding by modifying his recent plan for disarmament. While all the details of this plan have not yet been made public, Herriot has hinted that he will not insist upon American adherence to the projected consultative pact as a preliminary condition to general acceptance of his proposal to abolish the professional armies of Europe. This seems to have pleased Washington, which had already indicated that it would lend its moral support to the disarmament provisions of the Herriot plan. More important than the moral support of the United States, however, is the increased likelihood that Germany will reenter the Geneva conference as a result of the implied promise of military equality contained in the Herriot proposal.

THE FRENCH SUGGESTION that a European general military staff be created may, however, prove a serious obstacle to the success of the Geneva conference. The tide of nationalism is still rising throughout the world, and it is highly improbable that the nationalists will be eager to subscribe to this plan. In England, where Lord Beaverbrook has renewed his attack upon Prime Minister

MacDonald, there are at least 140 Conservative Members of Parliament who are said to be ready, with Beaverbrook's help, to fight English participation in the French scheme. Even in France, though the French might be expected to dominate the European general staff, the militarists and nationalists are displaying increasing hostility. And the Japanese continue to enlarge their military establishment, as though disarmament were merely a pious hope. It seems clear that Japan will contribute little or nothing to an understanding on armaments until the Manchurian question has been satisfactorily settled. Despite the discouraging attitude of these groups, there are other signs which are more encouraging. These are to be found not only in the sympathetic interest of the United States and Germany, but also in the position of Italy, which was wavering a few weeks ago, but is now prepared to go on with the Geneva conversations; and in the attitude of the smaller Powers, including primarily Spain and the Scandinavian countries, which have now pledged their support of the Herriot plan. There is good reason to believe that resumption of the negotiations at Geneva will bring genuine progress.

THE REICHSTAG ELECTION in Germany, the second to be held this year, again resulted in a stalemate. Although it will have no seats in the new parliament, the Von Papen Government appears to have been the only victor. The National Socialists and the Centrists, who might have compromised their differences in order to form a coalition government, have been deprived of that opportunity by losing forty seats. Even with the help of the Bavarian People's Party, which is allied with the Centrists, they have not enough votes to form a working majority. The chances of arranging any other combination of parties to restore parliamentary government seem even more remote. The Von Papen Cabinet will almost certainly remain in power by default. Since it would be overwhelmed by the Reichstag if it were to risk a vote of confidence, it may be expected to maintain itself by dissolving the Reichstag once more. It would thereafter have to call a third election or seek to rule openly as a dictatorship. The strength of the National Socialists is now definitely waning. The industrialists are no longer helping the Hitlerites financially, for the present government is giving them more assistance and protection than they could expect from a Hitler government. Despite the decline of Hitlerism, it is noteworthy that the three parties advocating one form or another of socialism—the National Socialists, Social Democrats, and Communists—between them polled 60 per cent of the votes cast on November 6. Chancellor von Papen and General von Schleicher must eventually either bow to this hostile majority or resort to force in suppressing it.

MUSSOLINI'S ANNOUNCEMENT of an amnesty in celebration of the tenth anniversary of the Fascist regime in Italy, and its approval by the Italian Cabinet, roused great hopes that the political victims incarcerated in various jails and penal islands would at last be released. It now appears that while ordinary criminals such as footpads and burglars with short sentences are to be set free, and those serving long terms are to have their period of punishment commuted, only the political prisoners now confined within Italy itself will profit by what Mussolini calls a

"gesture of strength and not of weakness." The tragedy of it is that some of the finest men in Italy are confined on the Mediterranean islands, such as Lipari, from which Francesco Nitti, Captain Lusso, and Nathan Roselli made their dramatic escape in 1929. The type of man who is interned here suffers terribly from his forced idleness, to say nothing of the restrictions of his confinement. These men have committed no graver crime than to criticize the existing Italian government and to exercise their rights and privileges as supposedly free men to oppose and to protest against the Fascist Government. As long as these political prisoners remain in captivity we shall take with a grain of salt Mussolini's boast that this amnesty shows that the Fascist regime has grown so strong that it no longer needs to fear the men whom he has released. Certainly if this was intended as a gesture to raise the esteem of the Fascist Government and Mussolini in foreign countries, it falls far short of accomplishing that as long as at Lipari or anywhere else there are prisoners who are prisoners only because they preferred an Italian democracy to an Italian dictatorship.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT, we hear, is still concerned because public opinion as to its conduct of affairs in India remains hostile. Some of our recent English visitors have taken the opportunity while here to speak well—extremely well—of their government's management of the Indians, and to express the hope that public opinion in this country will support the acts of the present British Cabinet. Well, we can only say that if these Englishmen really desire to lessen this pro-Indian sentiment in America, they should lose not a minute in releasing Mahatma Gandhi from the prison in which he has been kept month after month without any charges being brought against him, without his being given a day in court. Only recently, as the British Government itself admitted, Gandhi rendered a great service to both countries by the results of his hunger strike. It helped enormously the position of the untouchables in the new scheme of government in India, obtaining privileges for them which it was beyond the power of the British Government itself to win from Moslems and Hindus. Did the great and generous British Government recognize this service by releasing Gandhi? It did not. It maintained, despite its Anglo-Saxon tradition of speedy charges and a quick trial, that it must hold this man in prison indefinitely because he still preaches civil disobedience. We are glad that a mass-meeting of protest is shortly to be held in New York City to demand the release of Gandhi from prison. We wish that similar meetings might be held all over the United States.

THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK shows no intention of imitating Columbia in its simple and happy solution of the problem of undergraduate demonstrations. Instead of allowing students to protest as much as they like, City College prefers to call in the police. The inevitable result is a riot such as occurred on October 26 when the administration insisted that the police eject protesting students from a college classroom and thus provoked a disturbance in which three girl students are said to have been knocked unconscious. That night a crowd of about a thousand appeared at the night court where three students previously arrested were to be tried, and of course more ar-

rests took place. And as if that was not enough, the president of the college immediately decided to resurrect the crime of lese majeste by announcing that any students who took part in a proposed mock trial of college authorities would be disciplined. Doubtless, therefore, disturbance will be added to disturbance and there will be no peace until the college decides to do what England did long ago—set aside a Hyde Park.

TOKIO, NOVEMBER 5. The Soviet ice-breaker, *Siberiakov III*, arrived at Yokohama today after successfully negotiating the first Arctic passage between Europe and Asia in a single season.

THUS reads a recent Associated Press dispatch. What unsuccessful struggles of the past this brings up—the shades of Sir John Franklin and of the crews of his three ships, Sir Francis M'Clintock's efforts, and all the rest of the long line of men who failed in the attempt. Nordenskjöld accomplished it in 1878-79. The honors next went to Roald Amundsen and his specially prepared ship, the *Maud*, which spent the winters of 1918 and 1919 in making the drift. The *Siberiakov* has now negotiated it from Archangel through the Bering Strait in six weeks' time, although she lost two propellers in the ice, was reduced to sails, and was finally towed to Yokohama by a Siberian trawler. Naturally her crew of sixty-five, including three women, claim that this demonstrates the feasibility of summer water-communication between Europe and Far Eastern Russia via the Arctic. We doubt if it could be often achieved, and we see little advantage in an occasional successful passage. But it is pleasant to record this exploit as another illustration of the enterprise of the Soviets. Whatever the faults of their system, they have steadily reached out along scientific lines that call for the most daring exploration.

THE SOUTHERN BAPTISTS' "HANDBOOK" is one of the publications which we do not read regularly, though doubtless we should. It is therefore to the *New York World-Telegram* that we are indebted for an account of the racy jeremiad in the new volume lamenting the fact that while contributions to the cause have decreased, the faithful still spend considerable sums on chewing gum, movies, soft drinks, and cosmetics. "The great losses and 'hard times' which have come upon Southern Baptists by reason of the prolonged depression have not," concludes the "Handbook," "stopped them from wasting their substance in riotous living. God pity and help us." Perhaps the doings of the Prodigal Son during the years when he was prodigal were not as lurid as we had always supposed. The movies once made up for the omissions in the Biblical account with a version of the parable which was advertised on Broadway as "Glorifying the Babylonian Girl." But what does Hollywood know of sin? The chances are that the Prodigal Son merely chewed gum, powdered his nose, and wasted his money on an occasional bottle of strawberry pop. Has it not already been decided that the ancient Hebrews merely ate a raisin cake on those occasions when they are represented as having looked upon the wine; and did not a distinguished English novelist confess that in the Victorian household of his childhood he got the impression that the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah played cards and stayed up late at night?

The End of Herbert Hoover

FOR Mr. Hoover's defeat we give profoundest thanks. Even though the change to a Democratic Administration offers no real relief, insures no worth-while program, and none of the far-reaching changes so desperately needed to extricate us from the disaster in which the country finds itself, we cannot but take heart at the verdict. It quickens our faith in the essential right-mindedness of the electorate when it has the facts before it—and this time no amount of Republican falsification and fustian could conceal certain essential truths. The people realized that whether Franklin Roosevelt had anything to offer or not, it was time to make a clean sweep in Washington and not only to retire Herbert Hoover as a complete failure, but to get rid of the fourth- and fifth-rate men surrounding him. We are aware, of course, that the very existence of the depression made Mr. Hoover's reelection impossible—indeed, we have been certain of this since May, 1931. But the depression alone does not explain the magnitude of the defeat, nor the undeniable fact that no other President within the memory of man has been so profoundly hated and distrusted by such great masses of his countrymen as has Herbert Hoover.

Unquestionably, any Democratic candidate—unless the exception is Al Smith—would have won this year. That is doubtless what Mr. Hoover's associates and loyal party press will tell him by way of solace for his dismissal from the White House. None the less, the size of the disaster is chiefly of his own making. Even with the depression, an outstanding, able, rugged, frank, and attractive President could have convinced the electorate that he was above all else devoted to the common weal, that from the outset he had really labored to save the plain people, and that he had not been first, last, and all the time working in the interest of big business, the railroads, and the banks. But the people saw in Mr. Hoover a servant of the interests, a man who, instead of taking them into his confidence in 1930 and 1931 as to the gravity and the danger of the economic collapse, lied to them, either deliberately or through stupidity, with the intention of keeping up their morale. How could any self-respecting people fail to resent this attitude? It is a false and unworthy conception of the American people which portrays them as not to be trusted to keep their heads in an emergency. It is a narrow and stupid philosophy of statesmanship which seeks to create illusions and then, after the deceit is exposed, expects that the people will still have the same confidence in the benign personage who has been intrusted with their government but does not think they can stand being told the truth. When to that are added Mr. Hoover's blunders and delays in the matter of the necessary relief measures, his absolutely rigid refusal to consider direct relief for the millions of starving Americans, his passionate clinging to economic gods long since proved utterly false, there are reasons enough for the intense personal antagonism to Mr. Hoover. He entered the White House with by far the largest popular vote ever cast for a candidate and an overwhelming majority of 444 to 87 in the Electoral College; in four short years he has completely dissipated that

unprecedented bank account of the people's confidence.

As for Franklin Roosevelt, if he fails to recognize and admit the fact that this election went against Mr. Hoover and not for himself, he will have made his initial—and very serious—mistake. What the voters did was to concentrate on getting their false public servants out of the way. They have been only mildly interested in Governor Roosevelt and his views. Trained to believe that a jump from the frying-pan to the fire is inevitable, they have taken little account of the panaceas offered by the Democrats. As it was, the Governor grew weaker in the latter days of the campaign. His sickening wabblings on the tariff, his absurd program for the farmers, his pathetic belief that he had outlined a big constructive program certain to cure our ills, have all revealed the economic ignorance, the callowness, yes, the juvenility of his mind, as well as his burning desire to say to each group just what he thought it wished him to say. While displaying a good deal of conventional political strategy and an unexpected aggressiveness, it cannot be said at the conclusion of the campaign that he has added anything to his political or personal stature.

Now Governor Roosevelt has an even greater opportunity than came to Mr. Hoover in 1928, without, however, being as free from political debts and entanglements as was the present President on the day after his election. What a vista spreads out before him! The wreckage, the ruin, the disaster to the lives of millions, especially the children deprived of decent nutrition, that confront him are enough to daunt the bravest and wisest. It is by no means sure that the corner has been turned and the long, long climb back to prosperity begun. It may well be that he will find himself taking over the greatest of offices at a moment when the economic and popular distress will be at their worst, with the government's revenues falling off at a still more alarming rate. But even if the situation is brighter, he will find himself charged by his political opponents with the responsibility for the coming effects of all their own misdeeds and their ghastly economic blunders, such as the Hawley-Smoot tariff and the Farm Board.

Far more than that, if there is in him a trace of genuine statesmanship, he must see that the situation which confronts America goes even deeper than the economic crisis of the moment—dreadful as that is. Repeatedly, during the campaign, he has quoted and praised Woodrow Wilson, under whom he served. Let us remind him that it was this same Woodrow Wilson who declared in 1912: "Don't you know that this country from one end to the other believes that something is wrong?"; that "some *radical* changes we must make in our law and practice"; that "we stand in the presence of revolution . . . whereby America will insist upon recovering in practice those ideals which she has always professed, upon securing a government devoted to the general interest and not to special interests." Not one inch of net progress have we made in this direction since Woodrow Wilson spoke those true words; the slight gains made under him from 1914 to 1917 have long since been lost by the folly and wickedness of our plunge into the World War, by the

completely reactionary character and crookedness of the governments by and for the rich under Messrs. Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover. When all the mess of the economic collapse is cleared away, America must begin in earnest that radical reorganization for which Mr. Wilson called twenty long years ago—twenty precious lost years during which the country has gone down and not up.

There lies the real opportunity for Franklin Roosevelt. Knowing the overwhelming magnitude of the problem before him, and the utter inadequacy of the party whose leader he now is, we are tempted to condole with him and are little moved to congratulate him. Rather, we wonder at his incredible temerity in seeking the responsibility that broke Mr. Hoover and must challenge any man essaying it down to the last drop of his blood, the final bit of fiber in his character. But if he should meet that challenge; if he should have the God-given wisdom to chart the way so that this America of ours could once more be set upon the path of progress, could throw off the shackles of our masters—"the heads of great allied corporations with special interests"—he would rise to a height in the affections and gratitude of his countrymen never attained by any President since George Washington.

The Panic in Wheat

NEVER was the futility of the protective tariff more pointedly demonstrated than in the case of the present wheat panic. Both of the major candidates in the Presidential campaign, Governor Roosevelt as well as Mr. Hoover, promised to maintain the tariff on farm products. Indeed, Mr. Roosevelt emphatically declared that these particular rates must not be touched. And even as the candidates were talking, the bottom dropped out of the wheat market. Grain prices in Chicago and Winnipeg plunged to the lowest points recorded in modern times. December wheat sold below forty-two cents. By a remarkable coincidence, that is precisely the amount of the American duty on wheat imports. When this farcical tariff was enacted, the American farmers were told that the duty would raise the price of their wheat forty-two cents above the price obtaining in the world market. This, of course, was utter nonsense, because the United States does not import wheat on net balance but exports it. And as long as this remains true, all of our wheat, whether sold here or abroad, will be subject to world prices. Today the American farmer, far from enjoying a forty-two-cent advantage in the domestic market, finds that a bushel of wheat will not bring him even as much as forty-two cents. In fact, the local buyers in Kansas are today offering the farmers no more than twenty cents a bushel, although production costs in that State average eighty cents a bushel. In some of the Western communities bidding at the local elevators has been suspended altogether. Brokers and speculators apparently do not want the grain at any price.

The present panic is not confined to the United States by any means, but has spread to every grain market in the world. In October the reports of various governments showed that while the world's exportable surplus of wheat this year would be approximately 60,000,000 bushels below that of 1931, the probable requirements of the importing

countries had at the same time decreased by 170,000,000 bushels, thus adding 110,000,000 bushels to the total world surplus. This situation was caused by poor crops in the exporting countries and good crops in the importing countries. Brokers and exporters in the United States and Canada were apparently alarmed by these exceedingly bearish reports. Both countries had—and still have—huge surpluses of their own to be disposed of. The United States has approximately 380,000,000 bushels it wants to sell, while the Canadian surplus is about 135,000,000 bushels. Moreover, the holders of this wheat knew that the moment the crop now being harvested in the Southern Hemisphere began coming into the world market, the price of wheat would be further depressed. They began dumping their wheat at any price it would fetch, and the market virtually collapsed. The *Winnipeg Free Press* put the matter very bluntly when it declared that "Canada must sell her surplus as quickly as possible, since she has 100,000,000 bushels more to sell this year than last, and while no one cares to see the price falling, it is important that our market remain on export parity." The panic increased when word was received that Australian wheat was already beginning to move and that speculators at Buenos Aires had started a price-cutting campaign on their own account. Market observers declare that the offerings from the Argentine and Australia, both of which have had good crops, "foreshadow fierce world competition" in the coming winter—as though the present panic were not enough of a blow for the all-but-destitute American wheat farmer!

But his troubles do not end there; the tariff continues to plague him. The British Empire has adopted a system of preferential grain tariffs based on the recent Ottawa agreements. The effect of this arrangement is to bar American wheat from the British market and to disrupt, temporarily at least, the whole world market. How important this is to the United States may be seen from the statistics covering our grain exports last year. We sold 17,863,000 bushels of wheat to the United Kingdom and 12,493,000 bushels to Canada, these together constituting 39.8 per cent of our total wheat exports in that year. In other words, the American farmer has overnight lost almost one-half of his normal foreign market. This situation may eventually work itself out, though not without further injury to the American wheat grower. He must look for new markets in a world already filled with competitors who, because of their lower costs of production, can undersell him.

The British are not planning to stop with the Ottawa agreements. They are even now negotiating new agreements with Sweden, the Argentine, and other countries with a view to enlarging the imperial system—thus further restricting our opportunities to market our farm products abroad. Nor are the British alone in erecting new trade barriers. Does the American farmer ever stop to consider that the British system of preferential tariffs was largely adopted by way of retaliation against our own Smoot-Hawley tariff? On the contrary, he has been taught to believe that the tariff protects him from just such calamities by a long line of politicians whose economic ignorance is only surpassed by their political unscrupulousness. Can the major parties, as they indicated in the political campaign which has just ended, offer the farmer nothing better than still more meaningless tariff protection to aid him in this "fierce world competition"?



The Morning After

Another Letter to Dmitri

EX-PRINCE DMITRI VICHOVICH
4268 THIRD AVENUE
LENINGRAD, U. S. S. R.

DEAR DMITRI: You asked me to let you know the results of the American elections as soon as possible, and I hasten to do that very thing. In fact, since *The Nation* goes to press so early in the week, I am compelled to write this letter the day before election. Naturally, the results have not as yet been tabulated (except by the *Literary Digest*) and I am forced to do a bit of guessing.

Making all allowances, then, it seems that the forces of radicalism have triumphed, and the people of this nation have determined upon a direct and unequivocal turn to the left. Neglecting the warning of that inspired prophet James M. Beck, in his Boston address, we have set ourselves to "convert this proud Republic into a bastard imitation of the Soviet regime in Moscow." In other words, Comrade Franklin Delano Roosevelt has been elected President by carrying approximately forty and three-tenths of the States and one or two of the territories.

(I arrive at these figures by the simple process of taking the preelection claims of Everett Sanders and of Jim Farley and adding them together, after first taking the precaution of discarding Mr. Sanders's figures; I then divide the sum by two and add a pinch of salt. Above, you have the result, which will surprise nobody but Mark Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan began proving in his daily articles immediately after the Maine election that a Hoover landslide was inevitable; the *Digest* polls, the defection of Norris, Johnson, and others only strengthened Mr. Sullivan's daily comment. The Electoral College may vote as it pleases, but on March the fourth Mr. Sullivan will be in Washington to attend Mr. Hoover's reinauguration. Well, I wish him luck.)

Mr. Hoover was very much taken aback by the result, inasmuch as his campaign was waged on the theory that this was the election of 1864 all over again. The results made him feel either that the American people didn't know their history or that he wasn't Lincoln. Either theory, of course, is tenable. Once over his surprise, however, Mr. Hoover remembered his manners and sent the winner a telegram of congratulations. The other members of the Republican nobility were not so well poised. Secretary Hurley is reported to have fled from Washington via airplane, stopping only long enough to take with him the crown jewels, six new suits, and the Jewish boy who writes his speeches. Charlie Curtis was last seen heading for his reservation, but one rumor has it that the other Indians are objecting strenuously.

As soon as the first returns came in, Comrade Roosevelt announced that he was working on an Eight-Year Plan the crux of which is A Second Term for Roosevelt. It is, I am unreliably informed, a thoroughly comprehensive plan which permits him to do in his second term the things he promised in his first. This, I need hardly tell you, is an old American custom. It always works out except when, as in the case of Hoover, there is no second term.

No definite announcement of the Cabinet has been made

by the new dictator of the proletariat. It has been hinted, however, that Smith, Ritchie, and Young may hold portfolios. Comrade Farley is probably slated for Boxing Commissioner and Gene Tunney is to be Poet Laureate. The head of the Treasury is still open, but since the Treasury itself is practically closed, this would not seem to matter much.

So successful was the uprising of the Forgotten Folk that not only Roosevelt but practically all the local Soviet tickets throughout the country were swept into power. The South, which had deserted during the revolution of 1928 owing to the machinations of the mad Bishop Cannon, was won back by Comrade Garner's masterful reading of "The Communist Manifesto" and by Huey Long's bathrobe.

The West and Far West, under the leadership of Generals Hearst, Norris, Johnson, and La Follette, successfully repelled the menace of the Mensheviks. The right-wing candidates, Thomas and Foster, were practically snowed under everywhere. In the East Comrade Owen D. Young successfully repulsed the attack on the Wall Street front. In New York, especially, the peasantry went delirious at the overturn of the old regime. Tammany Hall, for years the despised center of Communist propaganda, witnessed mad scenes of triumph as the news came that Comrade Surrogate O'Brien had been appointed as dictator over New York to replace Comrade Walker, now in exile.

Comrade O'Brien celebrated his victory by issuing the O'Brien Nine-Month Plan, otherwise known as A Kiddy in Every Home. Comrade John F. Curry, who is dictator over Dictator O'Brien, was especially moved by this and went into conference with Comrade McCooey. Interviewed afterward by newspapermen, they announced that it was simply a social visit. The news leaked out, however, that the real purpose of the conference was to discuss a telephone message from the President-elect, who had outlined his first plan to relieve unemployment. It was, briefly, to take the bread lines away from the old nobility and open them to the people.

The city greeted the rumor with cheers and rose to the occasion. A group of red workers headed by Comrade Mulrooney swept down upon Union Square, where a protest meeting was being held by striking policemen, and began striking policemen right and left—but more, naturally, to the left. The cops were taken to Bellevue and if they recover will be arrested and forced to listen to translations of Horace made by Comrade O'Brien. This last may seem harsh to you, Dmitri, but war is war.

Roosevelt's election ends all the problems brought up in the Hoover Administration. Well, not quite all the problems. There is one that bothers me and I wish you could help me out. It's about—and this is between us—Hoover. Tell me, could you use a good cook? Because Hoover can really feed Belgians, Armenians, Chinese, Russians—practically anybody but Americans. Help the United States solve the problem of what to do with her ex-Presidents. And, for heaven's sake, don't suggest life insurance. A man has to have some friends to do anything in that line.

MORRIE RYSKIND

Hitler's Hold on Germany

By KARL FREDERICK GEISER

THE Papen-Schleicher barrage for German rearmament, the government's decision to lay the keel of the third "pocket battleship," the recent parade of the Stahlhelm, and the founding of the Reich's institute for the physical training of the youth of Germany have sent a tremor through the world and have elicited comments which in my judgment fail to take cognizance of the undercurrents which give rise to these disturbing manifestations. By far the most important of these manifestations, and the one which best indicates the permanent factors in the situation, is the Hitler movement.

First of all it may be said that whatever Hitler's personal ambitions may be, Hitlerism itself is not a personal affair or a political party but a popular movement, a *Volksbewegung*, with all that the word implies. This is the most significant fact about it, and it is one that the world outside Germany may well take note of. Moreover, what Madame de Staël said over a hundred years ago is as true today as it was then—that "Germany is the heart of Europe," and that unless the German people is given an opportunity to live a normal life there can be no hope for Europe. The Hitler movement is a functional disorder of the heart of Europe, which, however, is in danger of becoming organic. No American or European statesman who is interested in world recovery can afford to ignore the condition of Germany. The problem of recovery is the problem of Germany, and the progress of Hitlerism is the index or register of conditions there.

Those who know the history of Bryanism in America will find a striking resemblance in the German picture, though the colors there are heightened and more varied. Bryan voiced the financial distress of a single class; Hitler reflects the misery of all classes, which he thoroughly understands and knows how to express in dramatic form. There is not a grievance that he does not visualize, not a wish that he does not promise to fulfil; and as no government since the war has been able to relieve the general distress, those who have lost all, or who feel themselves the victims of injustice and unavenged wrongs, naturally turn to him who promises relief. Of course the government is not responsible for the Treaty of Versailles or for the vindictive spirit of France or the insolence of Poland; but the masses can hardly be expected to realize the relationship between an international conference or a protective tariff and the price they receive or pay for a commodity, when those who control the welfare of millions are blind to simpler facts. What a majority of the German people do know is that they are honest, hard-working, well-intentioned, that they are asking release from economic slavery at the expense of no other nation, that they have waited thirteen years only to see taxes increase and the burden grow heavier month by month. This is the complaint one hears on all sides, from all classes. The owner of a small shop in Weimar, discussing the hopelessness of his own situation, showed me his tax receipts: "In 1928 I paid a sales tax of 72 marks; it is now 212 marks, or nearly three times as much; and on this street we are

all for Hitler." When asked if he thought Hitler could help him, he replied: "I don't know; I only know that no party since the war has helped us, and I also know that I never open my shop in the morning with any joy in my work or without a feeling of hopeless despair."

Before the elections of last summer I heard Hitler speak in the great municipal stadium in Munich. Throughout the long program, which began at 4:30 in the afternoon and ended at 10:30 with the master speech of the "Leader," there was not a single uninteresting moment. Attractive young women in gay colors danced on the green, a band of 150 pieces played stirring music, and the "standards" marched in well-disciplined columns and picturesque formations. The last act, a torchlight procession which ended in the formation of the *Hakenkreuz*, preceded the dramatic arrival of Hitler, whose approach by airplane was announced by the loud speaker with an "Achtung, Achtung, der Führer kommt!" The announcement that a Communist had attempted to assassinate him by firing a shot which wounded one of his bodyguards as he left Nürnberg added a touch of color that even the flaming torchlights of 12,000 Hitlerites could not give. The plane dropped out of the black sky into the light of the amphitheater and swung in a circle over the waiting throng that now numbered at least 50,000. Another "Achtung!" and it was announced that the leader had landed and was on his way to the stadium. Fifty thousand rise as Hitler makes his way to the tribune through the tumultuous shouts of "Hail, Hail!" And what does he say after the audience is seated and his safe presence, *Gott sei Dank*, is announced? In substance this: Democracy has ruined Germany. There will be no hope for a better future until all old parties are abolished. They have told you to wait and be patient. You have waited thirteen years, while your representatives have been scorned at every international conference and laughed at by the outside world. You have waited and worked while your children starved, and what have you now for your pains but poverty and misery? And thousands, like the small shopkeeper at Weimar, believed that what Hitler said was true. Here at last was the savior of the people.

The weakness of the Hitler movement is to be found in its excesses. It has suffered greatly through the numerous acts of terrorism committed by its members and especially through the brutal murder last summer of a Communist in Upper Silesia. This act resulted in a sentence of death against five of the participants, from which Hitler successfully appealed on the ground that "the honor of the party" was at stake. The sentences were later commuted to life imprisonment. Public opinion is inclined to be tolerant with certain forms of lawlessness if committed under the stress of hunger or starvation, but deliberate murder or a threat to overthrow the legal order by violence, whether emanating from Communists or National Socialists, is no more popular in Germany than it ever was. The immediate effect of such acts is to strengthen the Center and the moderate groups; but whatever party or combination may come to rule, it is safe

to say that a solution of Germany's difficulties—on which world recovery depends—cannot be obtained until the basic cause of distress and bitterness is removed.

I have zigzagged through Germany from Bremen to Friedrichshafen and from east to west and will give a few typical illustrations of what I found. Bremen, with a population of 300,000, has 100,000 partly or wholly supported by public aid; in Hanover the tax burden is so heavy that a rentier who before the war paid 4 per cent of his income in taxes now pays 72 per cent. In Weimar I found myself in the midst of a street riot. In Dresden the head of the district and communal government of Saxony told me that the government was not functioning in the normal sense of the term and that his chief problem was to keep hundreds of thousands from starving to death this winter. On the surface Munich was quiet and orderly, but a visit to the welfare headquarters presented a depressing spectacle; while the industrial section of Gladbach in the Rhine Palatinate, the home of the greatest cotton-spinning and weaving industry in Germany, was like a graveyard, with eleven out of the fifteen important mills entirely idle. Württemberg is perhaps of all German states the least hard hit, because of its varied industries and also because of the habits of thrift, economy, and caution of the Swabian peasants; but the Black Forest region has become poor because Germany must accept Russian timber in exchange for her industrial products, and this has so lowered the price of German lumber that the people of this section have suffered greatly. In Baden many of the small landowners lost their holdings through excessive taxes—to pay reparations—before the state came to their aid

with protective legislation; and having thus lost their economic independence and, as they explain it, become slaves to the outside world, the majority have in desperation turned to Hitler because "it couldn't be worse." Frankfort, before the war one of the richest large cities in Germany, has suffered much because it is a commercial center for trade and finance and also an administrative center for three territories and many large metal industries. The city treasurer has reported a deficit of 3,000,000 marks for the first four months of the fiscal year, which will end with a total deficit of 9,000,000 marks. The council is therefore facing the problem of how and where it can make further cuts and still keep thousands from starving during the coming winter. And so throughout Germany. The latest figures given me by reliable economists place the number of totally unemployed at 6,000,000 and of those employed on part time at 3,000,000, which means that about 25,000,000 persons, or one-third of the entire population, are undernourished. Meanwhile taxes rise for those who still can pay, and interest rates for those who must borrow still range from 8 to 20 per cent.

Aside from political and legal changes, the most pressing requirements for German recovery are long-term loans, lower interest rates, and a long period of peace. If these reasonable conditions are met, internal affairs will gradually resume a normal course, such disturbing factors as the Hitler movement will disappear, foreign investments in Germany will be safe, and Germany will recover and become a leading force for peace in Europe; for if there is one thing that is clear it is that the great majority of Germans want no more war.

The Connecticut Needle Trades

By WILLIAM BILEVITZ

WHILE the attention of the country has been focused on the unhappy condition of Southern textile operatives, Kentucky miners, and the unemployed generally, the industrial towns of Connecticut have been having labor troubles of their own. Even before the entrance of the sweatshop into Connecticut, the State was not exactly a workers' paradise. The Manufacturers' Association has seen to that. For years wages have been low, unions have been suppressed, and labor legislation has been discouraged. Nevertheless, the Connecticut industrial worker has remained docile. Recruited largely from the most recent immigrant classes, he is usually an Italian or Slav. In the factories he has contributed his share to the manufacture of machinery, hardware, firearms, corsets, typewriters, silverware, and clocks with rarely a word of complaint. The possibility of a lay-off was his one concern. Otherwise he lived boisterously in the factory district, voted the Democratic ticket, alternated between Italian wine and needled beer, and through the magic of instalment buying managed to enjoy the benefits of prosperity until the crash of 1929.

For a number of years prior to the now historic crash Connecticut cities had been trying to attract new industries to the State. Among the first to accept invitations were a number of branches of the needle-trades industry, which set-

tled in New Haven. But a short distance removed from New York City, containing plenty of immigrant men and women accustomed to employment at a low wage level, Connecticut had obvious advantages over other industrial States. These new factories were fleeing from the high wages imposed by the Amalgamated Clothing and United Neckwear unions of New York City, as well as from the stringent labor restrictions of New York State. They found in New Haven all that they desired: low wages, an open shop, little effective labor legislation, a Chamber of Commerce to welcome them, and the Connecticut Manufacturers' Association to back them to the hilt.

During the six years that these factories have been in New Haven several strikes have broken out, a labor injunction has been issued, and scores of picketers have been arrested. The conditions that precipitated this unrest were recently outlined by the Women's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor in a preliminary report.* Although this report is considered a very conservative description of the sweatshop situation, it has aroused public opinion in the State. Editorials demanding immediate action have appeared in a number of Connecticut's important newspapers. Governor Cross, Labor Commissioner Tone, and

* "The Employment of Women in the Sewing Trades of Connecticut." Preliminary Report Bulletin of the Women's Bureau, No. 97.

Mayor Murphy of New Haven have all denounced the sweatshops but admit themselves powerless to act without the proper remedial legislation. That legislation will undoubtedly be presented at the next meeting of the General Assembly, where it will have the assured support of the League of Women Voters, and the assured opposition of the Connecticut Manufacturers' Association.

It is only fair to say that the new factories migrating to New Haven paid wages at first that were in general on a level with the existing wage scale in the established needle-trade concerns of the State. In some of the shops it was possible for a girl (80 per cent of the employees in the Connecticut needle trades are women) to earn from eighteen to twenty-five dollars a week, and with overtime the wage was frequently higher. It was not long, however, before the girls in the neckwear factories began to receive a succession of drastic cuts. It was explained that the cuts were temporary, the result of a decrease in business, and that as soon as conditions improved the old wage level would be restored. The girls soon became convinced that business was not quite as bad as their employers had led them to believe. The orders continued to come in for larger quantities of neckwear than ever before. But they accepted the cuts until a series of minor irritations finally resulted in a walkout and strike. That was in 1927.

Since that time, at least a dozen other strikes have broken out in the Connecticut garment factories. To anyone familiar with the frequency of strikes among the needle-trade workers of New York City, this will not sound at all unusual. But it must be remembered that until its appearance in New Haven five years ago the strike was rare in Connecticut. During these years of strikes and wholesale arrests, scores of students from Yale University have distributed pamphlets explaining why the girls were out. During the last of these strikes a number of prominent society women of New Haven deserted their social functions on Prospect Hill to buttress the picket lines. Among these were Mrs. Charles G. Morris, whose husband was at the time president of the Chamber of Commerce, and Mrs. George Parmly Day, wife of the treasurer of Yale. But from the beginning it was apparent that the employers were going to have their own way. Even the entrance of representatives of the Amalgamated Clothing and United Neckwear unions did little more than temporarily organize the strikers. Supported by the authorities, and able to draw upon the State's large unemployed class for strike-breakers, the owners of the shops had only to bide their time. An injunction, followed by scores of arrests, finally ended a strike in the Siegman plant in February of 1931; but sporadic strikes have continued.

Meanwhile, scores of new companies continued to stream into Connecticut from New York. Although the center of this rapidly growing garment industry was concentrated in New Haven, shops began to appear in other cities on Long Island Sound and at short distances removed from the Sound. These included Stamford, Bridgeport, Milford, Derby, Ansonia, Shelton, Wallingford, New London, and Willimantic. A large majority of the new establishments included the so-called contract shops.

It is necessary here to differentiate between a regular factory and a contract shop. The owner of a regular factory in the needle trades produces his shirts or dresses or neck-

wear for a market the fluctuations of which are known to him through experience. He is reasonably sure of disposing of his merchandise since he does not manufacture any more than he believes he can sell. For this reason employment in a regular factory is fairly stable, and hours are more regular and wages invariably higher than in the contract shop.

It is in the contract shop that sweated conditions usually prevail. Such a shop is frequently operated by two men. One is busy securing orders from New York manufacturers, who see in the contract shop a means of cutting down their high labor costs. These manufacturers supply the contract shop with the material, already cut, which is to be sewed together and converted into the finished product. The second partner takes charge of production in the shop in Connecticut, receiving the cut material from New York, and sending it back when completed to the manufacturer under contract. The difference in labor costs thus saved is considerably in excess of the cost of transportation.

There are so many of these contract shops, not only in Connecticut but also in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, that the competition for the comparatively few available orders is very intense. In the mad scramble for contracts it is therefore not surprising to find the shops undercutting each other to such an extent that their margins of profit often disappear entirely. The only way in which they can meet this cutthroat competition and the pressure exerted by popular-priced chain stores promising volume-buying is to reduce the wages of their employees.

Since Connecticut has no law compelling registration of establishments employing labor, it is impossible to determine how many of these contract shops are now functioning. Miss Helen Wood, formerly industrial secretary of the New Haven Y. W. C. A., and now industrial investigator for the Connecticut Department of Labor, estimates that there are approximately 100 such shops in New Haven and an equal number scattered throughout the rest of the State. Certainly enough of them have been unearthed to indicate that the contract shop is a thriving Connecticut institution.

It has already been stated that the labor laws of the State are quite lax. A comparison of labor legislation in Connecticut with that of New York or Massachusetts will amply justify this assertion. Nevertheless, there is plenty of evidence that the contract shops, as well as some of the regular factories, have scant regard even for the existing legislation. State labor investigators have found numerous cases in which wages have been withheld, and minors have been employed without school certificates. Hundreds of women have been found working more than the legal fifty-five hours a week. Still other cases have been uncovered where employees were given home work after spending fifty or more hours a week in the shop. In such instances other members of the family, from mother down to younger sisters, frequently assist in completing the work through long hours at night. Even Sunday has been converted into another day of drudgery for scores of Connecticut needle-trades girls.

These conditions have repelled even the old-line Yankee manufacturers of the State. But the rate of pay in the contract shops has amazed and repelled them still more. Thousands of girls can be found throughout the State whose weekly wage on the basis of piece work averages from one to six dollars. The following tables represent the wages paid in two of Connecticut's contract shops. They are based on

information secured by the State Department of Labor in recent investigations. Since most of the contract shops have little or no bookkeeping, the tables are not uniform, being based on the capricious notes of employers and managers. The first table represents the wages paid for a fifty-hour week and a forty-eight-hour week. It might be added that these wages are comparatively high.

<i>Amounts Earned</i>	<i>50 hours</i>	<i>48 hours</i>
\$4.95—\$5.94.....	9 girls.....	13 girls
5.95— 6.94.....	10 "	1 "
6.95— 7.94.....	7 "	0 "
7.95— 8.94.....	9 "	3 "
8.95— 9.94.....	7 "	4 "
9.95—10.94.....	8 "	2 "
10.95—11.94.....	5 "	0 "
	—	—
	55	23
Median	\$8.11	\$5.51

The table that follows is a record of wages paid in a certain New Haven dress shop. The employer did not have any data with respect to hours since he paid his employees on the basis of piece work alone. Even then no comprehensible correlation could be drawn between dresses sewed and wages earned because a wide variety of styles were made, each requiring varying operations and time.

<i>Amounts Earned</i>	
\$0.00—\$0.99.....	6 girls
1.00— 1.99.....	8 "
2.00— 2.99.....	5 "
3.00— 3.99.....	7 "
4.00— 4.99.....	5 "
5.00— 5.99.....	4 "
6.00— 6.99.....	1 "
	—
	36
Median	\$2.13

A large proportion of the girls and women employed in these shops have never had sufficient schooling to compose a letter of complaint to the proper authorities, and a still larger proportion are probably unaware that agencies exist which might help them. But Commissioner Tone has received a number of slightly garbled, yet coherent letters which may reflect existing conditions much better than statistics can. One such letter reads:

Am writing you in regards to a factory. It is the — shirt factory in Shelton. I worked there for almost a week and couldn't stand the work. There girls are made to work over ten hours a day at ten and twelve cents a dozen shirts. And they make the girls work until 4 o'clock on Saturday afternoon. They start work at 7:30 and work until 6 or 7, with the exception of Saturday, when they work until 4 o'clock.

I am sending a pay check that this girl got for her work. Please keep her name and mine under cover. When I went for my pay Saturday we had to wait until almost 2 o'clock before they could pay us. Some of the girls that work on the sewing machines had to work without any dinner, because the boss wanted them to finish up some lot of shirts that had to be sent out that day.

These people that run the shirt factory came here about eight months ago and some of the girls have worked here since it started, and are making less than \$5 a week. I hope you will do something about this, and some of the girls are not 16 years of age.

The girls are tired out when they leave for home. I believe they have about 30 machines and about 16 presses. So you see why they make the pressers work so hard. They can't keep up with the work.

One of the officials of the New Haven Chamber of Commerce, in a recent interview, defended the contract shops as a necessary evil. It was his contention that without the new shops unemployment in the city and State would be considerably greater. At the present time the Community Chest has scarcely enough funds to take care of those who are forced to turn to charity for a means of subsistence. It is the garment shops, he maintained, that are supplementing the work of charitable organizations, and for this reason they must continue to be tolerated. The probability that the low wage level existing in the needle trades will eventually serve to depress wages in the other industries of Connecticut and further inconvenience organized charity has apparently not occurred to him. There have already been reported a number of circumstances that point that way. Even the practice of handing out home work, introduced by the contract shops, has been adopted by the A. C. Gilbert Company, nationally famous toy manufacturers, and the wages paid in the Gilbert plant do not differ radically from those paid in the contract shops.

A number of arrests have already been made of managers and owners who were evading the maximum-hours law, who had employed minors without school certificates, or who had failed to post the labor laws in their shops as is required. Except for charges of this sort there is at present no means of reaching the men who run the contract shops. During the next session of the General Assembly it is the intention of the League of Women Voters to lobby for a forty-four-hour law for women, and a maximum-hours law for minors. Commissioner Tone has also announced the need for compulsory registration of all establishments employing labor in order to facilitate the regular inspection of contract shops located in obscure lofts and ramshackle factory buildings. Whether such legislation will be passed in the General Assembly is a difficult question to answer. It will certainly have the support of an indignant public opinion, but signs of opposition are already beginning to appear. On the first page of the May issue of *Connecticut Industry*, official organ of the Connecticut Manufacturers' Association, appeared an editorial signed by E. Kent Hubbard, its president. Part of that editorial is here reproduced:

The 1933 session of the Connecticut General Assembly will convene in January. There will be introduced in that session more radical legislation than has ever been introduced in any previous session. This is not an overstatement of fact. It is based on accurate knowledge of what is going to happen. We do not want, nor should we have, a legislature made up of manufacturers, but we do want and ought to have a legislature made up of men and women who recognize that industry must be given a chance if the State is to prosper. It is the duty of every manufacturer in the State of Connecticut to aid in the selection of proper candidates and get out the vote for those candidates.

Behind the Cables

By E. D. H.

Paris, October 15

IT sounds incredible, but within the past two or three days I have heard several Frenchmen assert with great moral fervor and almost completely straight faces that the German army is superior to the French, and that Germany should therefore disarm to the French level, not vice versa. I have been holding my head ever since. **DISARMING** over this pinnacle of topsy-turvydom, and if I **GERMANY** can get it straight I will repeat the argument.

The French, say the French, are foolish. Their army numbers only about 450,000 effectives and almost half of these are in the colonies. The term of service has been cut to one year and the technical disposition of the forces assumes a three-weeks' period for mobilization. The force immediately available for defense of the frontiers is only about 150,000 men, and the French air force, far from being the best in Europe, is badly equipped and insufficiently trained. True, there is the chain of subterranean forts with their teeth in the frontier from Belgium to the Alps; but these, my friends say, the Germans would simply "fly over." There would be no declaration of war, an outmoded naïvete; the Germans would demolish Paris in twenty minutes, and then there would be a new Treaty of Versailles, and not such a nice one.

Germany can put into the field two armies. This was the original Von Seeckt principle. The first, composed of 250,000 highly trained and mechanized experts from Reichswehr and Schupo, will go through the old-style French "mass battalions" like a fist through paper. Behind this exquisitely tempered, extremely mobile shock army the Germans can instantly muster 500,000 organized "veterans." Of course Germany has no heavy artillery, no tanks, no arsenals, no fortifications, no ordnance department, no bombing planes, no fighting planes, no gas, no anti-aircraft or anti-tank guns. But no matter. The pathetic French are certain they would get soundly beaten.

The Germans, it is true, have evaded and violated the disarmament provisions of the treaties. Any German not blind, deaf, or dishonest will admit this. The Germans have dummy tanks that serve training purposes, and heavy artillery with false wooden barrels; they probably are making gas, or are in a position to make it quickly at any time; and they have evolved a technique, I understand, whereby heavy passenger planes can be transformed into bombers within a few hours. The recent authorization of a national board for the physical training of youth is simply a new step in a definite and avowed program to increase the potential reserve of trained man power. The French know all this. It is all in Herriot's dossier, which he occasionally waves threateningly at Geneva. The dossier is not likely to be published, however, because that would uncover too drastically the methods of the French military intelligence, that is, espionage.

But whatever may be the technical violations the treaty has suffered, these do not make up for the enormous real superiority of France over Germany in military matters. The matter is worth discussion only as an indication of the lengths

to which French funk can go. The spoils of victory are—spoiling. Actual and overt rearming is not yet part of the German program, and even Schleicher in the speech that scared the French most made no demands except for equal rights and permission to reorganize the Reichswehr with the use of sample weapons. Equal rights? The answer he is getting is a corker. Equal rights? To be sure—let the Germans disarm to the French level!

Responsible people are hoping that Papen and Schleicher will not overplay their hand. If they go easy, they may get a good deal. France is assured a left government for four uninterrupted years, although Herriot himself may not last much longer as Premier—pending accidents, he will be a sort of permanent Foreign Minister à la Briand. **HANDS ACROSS** in generally left cabinets—and there ought **THE CHANNEL** to be plenty of time for calmer negotiation. Serious maneuvering has already been held up because France is waiting to see what the League, that is, the French, system can do to Japan after the presentation of the Lytton report, and the Germans do not want to lock horns seriously until November, when a new Reichstag will be sitting—perhaps.

The Germans have already lost a great deal of international sympathy. For the past ten years Germany has usually been able to count on a fair measure of support from the United States, Italy, and Great Britain; the Germans had had a raw deal and needed compensation. But now I find a distinctly growing reaction, especially in England and Italy, against Germany; France is getting more sympathy than she has had in years, and the louder Papen and Schleicher bray, the more she will continue to get. The Hoover disarmament proposal served, of course, to draw England and France together. Great Britain will not stand for any one-third reduction of its fleet while Germany is building pocket battleships, and I hear that it was the Admiralty which helped insist on the very forthright language in the British note denying Germany juridical rights to equal-arms status. The Anglo-French entente signed at Lausanne has by no means lapsed.

Get out your maps and look once more for the remote and ridiculous island of Yap. I have a notion that we are going to hear more about Yap one of these days, and also more about the other former German islands in the Pacific that are now under Japanese mandate. Suppose Japan leaves the League. It is not likely, because the Powers **JAPANESE** do not want to punish her, but it is not impos- **YAP** sible. What happens then to Japan's mandated territory? No one seems to know for sure, but presumably the mandate would have to be given up, in which case sovereignty would revert, not to the League, but to the "allied and associated" Powers which created the League, including the United States. We in America may find ourselves part owners again of a group of remote and inconspicuous but strategically important Pacific islands—unless

someone at Geneva has a bright idea and suggests giving them to Germany. Germany might, it is just possible, like to have her former property back.

I have not seen any comment so far on the international significance of the withdrawal of Sir Herbert Samuel and his wing of bedraggled Liberals from the British government. The significance is that MacDonald is stuck with the frigid Simon as Foreign Minister for as long as Simon wants to stay, which will be, I believe, forever. If

NOT SO SIMPLE Simon and his so-called Liberals should
SIMON threaten to resign, MacDonald would be left alone in a Tory Government, a prospect which even MacDonald cannot yet quite stomach. MacDonald cannot possibly get rid of Simon now, much as he would like to. Ramsay always wants to be his own Foreign Minister. He quarreled with Henderson and he is quarreling with Simon, especially since Simon is showing a distinct will of his own. He wanted to transfer Simon to the Home Office when Samuel quit, and give Foreign Affairs to his extremely intimate friend, Lord Londonderry; but Simon would not play ball. There he sits in Whitehall, and there he intends to sit for a long, long time.

In the Driftway

COUNTRY auctions are as pleasant a diversion for a sunny afternoon as the Drifter has ever discovered. No one who has once explored an attic outgrows the thrill of poking about a pile of household goods and furniture spread out over a shady lawn, or loses the rosy hope of finding there some treasure that he has always wanted. Nor can he fail to be conscious of the dramatic overtones of human experience that linger about the empty house nearby and lend mysterious worth to otherwise commonplace objects. As for the actual drama of selling and buying, the Drifter has often found it so rich in character, dialogue, and suspense that he has stayed on until the last cup plate was sold and dusk had fallen.

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IT is the New England farm auction that the Drifter knows best. And it is with deep regret that he has watched its deterioration to a point almost beyond repair. Having become the pastime of rich "summer people," the farm sale has been appropriated by professional antique dealers and auctioneers who have destroyed its original character. Where once it was a sincere and amateur sale of the household goods of a dead or departing member of the community, it has now become a widely advertised sale not only of the furniture from a single house but of any stray pieces that shrewd antique dealers have had difficulty in selling. More than once the Drifter has seen the same piece of furniture at widely separated auctions. He has been told on good authority that during the summer furniture by the truck load is sent up by New York dealers to country auctions in Connecticut. It is sold to the highest bidder unless the bid is not high enough, in which case the owner bids it in himself, has it carted back to the farmhouse on Madison Avenue, and replaces the tag.

WHILE the Drifter waits for the farm sale to be restored to its former integrity, he will content himself with another sort of auction, quite as rich in interest, at which not furniture but houses are sold to the highest bidder. With the assistance of an old-timer as guide, the Drifter succeeded in attending such an auction not long ago in one of the most beautiful valleys in New England, a valley of few farms, remote in its autumn glory. Because the valley has been chosen as a reservoir for a city water supply, farms that have been there a century and a half must be flooded, the houses with their great shade trees must vanish within a year. The stock was already gone, and to the old man who stood in the wide doorway of an empty barn and answered the Drifter's questions, that had been the end. He was ready and anxious to leave his deserted pastures. With few exceptions, the crowd that followed the auctioneer from house to house was rural and indigenous—people who had known these homesteads and their occupants all their lives. Humor, pathos, and suspense crowded the ancient lawns as four houses, and the energy that had built them, were sold one by one to destruction, while the dead leaves underfoot and the autumn sun flooding the valley added finality to the scene. The death of a generation, whether of houses or of men, is a moving spectacle, and the Drifter felt something like patriotic pity when a sturdy and beautiful American cottage which had overlooked the valley since the year after the setting up of the Republic was sold for fifty-two dollars, memories and all.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Free Speech at Southwestern

[In our issue of September 21 we criticized the authorities of the Southwestern University School of Law in Los Angeles, California, for their action in forcing the resignation of Professor Leo Gallagher, a competent and popular member of the teaching staff. John J. Schumacher, president of Southwestern, protested to *The Nation* against what he held to be unfair criticism. We asked Professor Gallagher to state his side of the case and ourselves obtained all available information from other sources. We print below President Schumacher's protest and Professor Gallagher's reply. All the evidence we have examined bears out Professor Gallagher's contention that the university's action was the result of extraordinary pressure from reactionary groups in Los Angeles. It may have seemed irresistible to President Schumacher. Nevertheless, we have as yet discovered no reason for revising our opinion of September 21.—EDITOR *THE NATION*.]

TO THE EDITOR OF *THE NATION*:

SIR: My attention was recently directed to an editorial appearing in your issue of September 21, bearing on the recent so-called Gallagher incident at Southwestern University School of Law. You have as authority for your editorial comment none other than an article which seems to have been lifted almost bodily from the notorious Los Angeles *Record*. I am astounded that *The Nation* should accept without any corroborative authority statements such as were published in the *Record*, and go even farther in heaping personal abuse upon Dean McNitt and myself. Please be assured that the writer may be many things but he is not cowardly. In my humble

opinion it is much more cowardly to broadcast such reckless opinions and accusations as you do in your paper.

In conclusion, allow me to state that there is no issue of academic freedom involved in this matter by even the remotest stretch of imagination. This institution has been 100 per cent tolerant and fair in its attitude, and we have no apologies to make to anyone.

Los Angeles, October 7

JOHN J. SCHUMACHER

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Dr. Schumacher says that "there is no issue of academic freedom involved in this matter by even the remotest stretch of the imagination." In fact, the issue is far more important and fundamental than the issue of academic freedom. It involves the right of political minorities to defense in the courts. There has been no criticism of my teaching. In a bulletin to the student body after my separation from the teaching staff Dr. Schumacher said: "Our high regard for Professor Gallagher's ability, integrity, and loyalty has been undiminished." Dean McNitt of the law faculty said at a luncheon called to consider the incident: "Mr. Gallagher is a marvelous instructor with a fine personality, and in previous complaints against him there has been a strong protest by the student body in Gallagher's favor, but there has been a strong criticism from the outside. The question is how far we can stand public opinion. There is a limit of what we can take for Gallagher's principles—not ours."

The difficulty arose not out of my intramural activities but out of my extramural activities as attorney for the International Labor Defense. A correct understanding of the question requires a consideration of the background. For the last several years the public authorities of Los Angeles have made a scrap of paper of the constitutions of the United States and of California. There is no free speech or freedom of assembly here, no freedom from unreasonable searches and seizures, no semblance of the equal protection of the law. There is no security of person. The Red Squad breaks up nearly every meeting of Communists and their "sympathizers." It has publicly proclaimed that no Communist can speak in Los Angeles. It beats up unprotected men and women both in and out of jail. The Mayor and the Police Commission have publicly stated that Communists have no rights that the police need respect. The Los Angeles Bar Association, knowing all these facts, sits idly by. In the defense of workers I have attempted to demonstrate the malicious disregard by the constituted authorities of every human and constitutional right of political dissenters. This has displeased the Better America Federation and other reactionary organizations. Both by means of propagandist speakers and by the meanest newspaper misrepresentation of my conduct in court, these reactionary forces have attempted to create a public opinion against me. They brought such pressure to bear upon Southwestern University that they forced the school to suggest to me that I resign. Not desiring to embarrass the school, but insisting on my desire to remain on the faculty, I did resign.

Because I know of the pressure brought upon Southwestern by the reactionary forces which hold Los Angeles in their iron grip, I cannot have any ill-will toward Dr. Schumacher. I recognize the fact that he has kept me on the teaching staff of Southwestern for years, despite this constant pressure from reaction.

In conclusion, may I say a word for the Los Angeles *Record*. It is the only newspaper in Los Angeles which gives any accurate report of the trials of the so-called reds, the only paper which fairly reports the vicious misconduct of the Los Angeles Red Squad. Were it not for the *Record*, the terror in Los Angeles would be a black terror indeed.

Los Angeles, October 22

LEO GALLAGHER

The Spanish War Pensions

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation* of October 5 you quoted with evident approval the statements of Admiral Sims to the effect that Spanish-American War pensions constitute "a steal of the nastiest kind"; that the war lasted exactly 114 days; that 280,000 men enlisted, and 227,000 of these are now drawing pensions.

Admiral Sims is careless in his use of figures, to say the least. His 280,000 probably means the 280,564 men in the army in the early spring and summer of 1898. He has not included the thousands of sailors and marines who served with Dewey in the Philippines and with the fleet in the West Indies. Nor has he counted in the 126,468 men in the army and thousands more in the navy and marine corps who fought under tropical skies against the Filipinos, though some of the survivors of that campaign draw pensions as "Spanish-American War veterans." More thousands fought in the Boxer campaign, and some of them are drawing pensions under the same law.

The Admiral tells the world that 227,000 men out of 280,000 are now drawing pensions for service in a 114-day campaign. On June 30, 1932, there were 196,541 veterans of the Spanish-American War period on the pension rolls, not 227,000. The fighting in Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, and China lasted more than four years, not 114 days. The number of men engaged during the whole period was nearly 500,000, not 280,000.

During that period Admiral Sims was serving as naval attaché at American embassies in Europe, and not under fire in the tropics. The Admiral is now drawing \$6,000 a year retirement pay, and not a small pension, as I am. And, Mr. Editor, if it were not for the pension I receive I would not be able to buy *The Nation* each week—or a whole lot of other things. Multiplying me by 196,541 shows that if it were not for the doles the government pays us for having risked our fool lives thirty-odd years ago, conditions throughout the country would be worse than they are now.

Seattle, Wash., October 12

C. F. STEPHENS

[We have received several letters of similar tenor, but after a careful examination of the official figures, we find that Admiral Sims is, in our opinion, generally correct as to his. He should, however, have pointed out that of the 227,000 who are now drawing Spanish War pensions, some 33,943 are widows, children, and nurses. It is true that there are also included in this class those who served in the Philippine insurrection and the Boxer Rebellion. We maintain, however, that the payment of \$102,000,000 a year in pensions for these short periods of hostilities is wholly disproportionate to the number of men who actually faced the bullets of the enemy.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

FROM FLUSHING TO CALVARY

A Novel by Edward Dahlberg

Author of "Bottom Dogs"

UPTON SINCLAIR says: "Edward Dahlberg knows the American underworld of poverty and ignorance and failure more intimately than any other novelist I can think of. His pictures of it make the cold chills run up and down my spine." \$2.50.

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO., NEW YORK

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Prose in America

The Oxford Book of American Prose. Chosen and Edited by Mark Van Doren. Oxford University Press. \$3.

MARK VAN DOREN'S anthologies of poetry are distinguished because his selections are sound, catholic, comprehensive, and above all fresh. This book of American prose has the same virtues. It is compiled without reference to a hundred previous anthologies; and it is most satisfactory, to me at least, at precisely the point where the average anthology is so unsatisfactory, in its selections from among contemporaries. Among living Americans Mr. Van Doren chooses selections from E. W. Howe, Santayana, Paul Elmer More, George Ade, Sherwood Anderson, Willa Cather, Cabell, Mencken, Ludwig Lewisohn, Carl Van Doren, Ring Lardner, Van Wyck Brooks, T. S. Eliot, and Joseph Wood Krutch. With one or two exceptions this list represents—and who has, ultimately, any other standard of anthological merit?—precisely the writers I should have chosen myself. The particular passages chosen from these authors are even clearer evidence of Mr. Van Doren's sureness of taste.

Mr. Van Doren's anthology is better, and much more readable, than its companion volume "The Oxford Book of English Prose," edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, even though the latter had a far richer field to choose from. Sir Arthur picked six hundred separate snippets of prose from hundreds of writers; Mr. Van Doren has chosen only seventy-three pieces of prose from forty-eight writers. He has almost reversed Sir Arthur's canons of selection. He has recognized that the peculiar flavor of any great writer, unless that writer happens to be primarily an aphorist, can seldom be fully tasted in a single paragraph or page, even though it be a purple one. "Almost everywhere," he writes, "I have restricted myself to pieces which have length and completeness. Whenever it was possible, and usually it was, I refused to abridge an essay, a chapter, or a tale. I avoided, in short, the purple patch."

The much greater readability of this volume, as compared with Sir Arthur's, is explained by still another question that Mr. Van Doren put to himself: "What writer, no matter how famous or interesting generally, has failed nevertheless to produce a piece of prose which will serve the purpose of the volume—stand independently here, have immediate meaning, and exhibit one or more of the qualities necessary to good prose?" The answers to this question, we are told, eliminated a great many scientists, philosophers, literary critics, and novelists. For example: "Theodore Dreiser, whom I consider with Cooper to have displayed the largest amount of talent in American fiction to date, I tried very hard to include. But I could find no portion of him that was good enough as prose. He is one of the greatest American writers of prose; his is not by any means, however, good prose."

This standard may possibly explain some things in the present book that would otherwise be puzzling—for example, the omission of Walt Whitman, though Artemus Ward is included; or the omission of William James. But I am sure there are long passages in William James that are independently fine, and weightier and more enduring than a few of the inclusions here. The word "weightier" may imply that I am judging these passages not by their "style" but by their "content." Perhaps that is so; but I am afraid I do not quite know how mentally to separate the two, and as time goes on I find it, indeed, increasingly difficult to do so. This does not mean that I leap to the opposite conclusion, and decide—with

such diverse writers as Arnold Bennett and Benedetto Croce—that style and content are *identical*. But it is naive and mistaken, and it leads to a great deal of bad criticism and oceans of bad writing, to think of style as the "garment" of thought, as if it could be put on or changed at will. A man's style is, rather, one aspect or phase of his thought, just as his logic is another; one would not dream of discussing his logic apart from his thought, nor would one be likely to assume that it included the whole of it.

Holding this conception of style, I find it impossible to admire the prose of any writer whose mind seems to me essentially commonplace. And with that standard in mind, I incline to question the inclusion in Mr. Van Doren's anthology of the aphorisms of E. W. Howe, for they seem to me for the most part shallow and counterfeit. I wish, instead, that Mr. Van Doren had considered the merits in this direction of the late Charles Horton Cooley. His "Life and the Student" contains many things that would be constantly quoted if Emerson or Thoreau had said them. Usually one remembers his aphorisms not for their cleverness but for their simple, condensed truth, as, for example: "Our individual lives cannot, generally, be works of art unless the social order is also." But occasionally he united a fine insight with a fine form, as in: "When we are perplexed we project the disorder of our minds in a belief that the world is anarchical."

But it is the sad fate of every anthologist, not only that he cannot hope to please everybody, but that he cannot hope completely to please anybody. Mr. Van Doren's is by far the best anthology of American prose ever compiled; and it is preceded by a Preface that is itself a distinguished example of American writing.

HENRY HAZLITT

The Novels of Mrs. Buck

Sons. By Pearl S. Buck. The John Day Company. \$2.50.

"SONS," like "The Good Earth," deserves to be a best seller. The success of these two novels need not distress the defenders of literature. It has been won by meritorious qualities. Following the patterns of Chinese fiction, the two stories deal with the careers of families as much as of individuals, and provide novelties of direction that add to their interest. The pace, in some peculiar way, is in its varied, slow, but unstoping movement like that of life; and the effect on the reader is very satisfying. Moreover, if the characters are not true personalities in the sense in which the characters of almost every great novel are personalities, they are sharply drawn types, and well-drawn types are nearly as rare in fiction as are personalities. They are drawn by the lines of significant incidents which are clear and memorable, and not by clever epithets which are easy to forget. Certainly "The Good Earth" and "Sons" are good enough for success.

But not good enough for the critical overestimates that have flattered that success. Neither "The Good Earth" nor "Sons" is a great novel, or even a near-great novel. These two readable stories will soon join the procession of admittedly overpraised books, the annual masterpieces evoked by the nervousness of tired reviewers who, after long uneventful watching, come, like other tired sentinels, to hail a flickering as a fire.

Mrs. Buck is far from being a master. A great book involves its reader pretty closely either with its characters or its ideas, or it arouses a sense of allegiance to the author. Mrs. Buck's stories do not involve the reader much. The stories are absorbing spectacles, and the reader is an absorbed spec-

tator. But at the moments of tragic crisis, the reader is not likely to put the book down, as many of Dostoevski's readers must, because they have been involved to a point beyond their endurance.

"Sons" is a poorer book than "The Good Earth." In its greater length and wordiness it exposes the shortcomings of Mrs. Buck's workmanship as the stretching of a piece of cloth shows up defects in the weave. The interest and surprise of "The Good Earth" lay in the very primitiveness of the life it described. Story and character could be shaped by fact and acquire the clearness of reality. Wang Lung, content to have an ugly wife but rebelling at harelips and the pox, reveals better than pages of psychological analysis the humiliated mind of poverty. But in those passages in "The Good Earth" where more than an incident or a physical description is needed to light up a situation Mrs. Buck falters and forecasts her graver failures in "Sons."

In the latter novel she deals with the offspring of Wang Lung. They are not simple men like their father. They are accustomed to the obeisances of servants and the envious respect of neighbors, to luxuries and high society. The eldest son is a voluptuary; the second son a crafty and unscrupulous merchant, not above cheating his brother. The youngest son is a man of wilder temperament. He ran away from home because of his secret love for a maid whom Wang Lung took, in his old age, for his concubine. Frustration and a sense of injustice made a soldier of him, and turned him against women, though, to fulfil the Chinese desire for descendants, it permitted him to relax sufficiently to take wives whom he neglected after he had begotten children by them.

As the characters become complex, Mrs. Buck's treatment of them becomes ineffective. In "The Good Earth" the characters were types, but always credible. In "Sons" they are overaccented. The voluptuary is too often gorging himself, the merchant too obtrusively intent on his bargains, the general who calls himself the Tiger, together with his troupe, too theatrical. These subtler people require subtler handling. But Mrs. Buck can only pile on incident, and each incident confirms the sense of excess that strikes the reader before he is well into the book. A psychologist is needed, and Mrs. Buck has not the necessary equipment. Nor perhaps even the information. She knew her peasant, but her voluptuary and her merchant she knew less well, and her bandit general is altogether unreal, sometimes Hamlet, sometimes Tamerlane, sometimes Jack the Giant Killer. And since "Sons" is mainly devoted to his murky career, the book fails with him.

Mrs. Buck's failure in portraying so important a type in Chinese life as its Tuchuns indicates that in her presentation of other aspects of Chinese life she may not have been as successful as she has been said to be. I have felt that even "The Good Earth," close as it comes to peasant life—closer than any other novel of Chinese life by a Western writer that I know of—still remains outside, a matter of data rather than of the life that supplies the data. One has only to read the native literature, the poems, or the descriptions in a novel like "The Dream in the Red Chamber," to realize how plainly Mrs. Buck has remained on the outside. Perhaps every Westerner's book on Chinese life is fated to be the book of an observer rather than that of a participant. In "Sons" Mrs. Buck is a less keen, less patient, less orderly observer than in "The Good Earth."

To have made the figure of the Tiger credible, to have placed him in Chinese life as clearly as Wang Lung was placed on his good earth, called for a study of economic factors that Mrs. Buck would not or could not make. China in the last century has been a land of great and recurrent disasters. Drought and flood seem to proceed from a callous Nature, but in the long run their special destructiveness may be laid rather

to the greater evils of war and poverty. For in a peaceful and economically stable land, preventive measures can be taken and relief effectively administered. Economic oppression is the disaster that brings on other disasters. It brings on unending civil war, while in the harried land undiked and undammed rivers produce drought and flood. Mrs. Buck has portrayed very movingly the natural disasters of flood and drought. She has fumbled the endemic disaster of economic injustice. Had she dealt with it as well, we should have understood the bandits, the sale of children, the Tiger's early idealism and his relapse into a plundering general. Instead of a romantic blur the chief figure of "Sons" would have afforded Western readers an image with which to understand Chinese life, as useful as was Wang the farmer.

There remains for me to make some comment on Mrs. Buck's prose. At its best it is simple and clear; at its average it is undistinguished by any virtue or vice; at its worst it is painfully Biblical. In "The Good Earth" the Biblical passages were few and often justified themselves by the incidents they were used for. In "Sons" the Biblical passages drone on, a mannerism that may impress many readers but is enough to depress the few to whom a fit diction is important. The chief effect is verbosity. The following quotation is typical of the waste of words the mannerism leads to:

Twice and thrice did Wang the Tiger send his trusty harelipped man to his brothers, and twice and thrice did the man bring back silver to his captain.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Roger Williams

Roger Williams: New England Firebrand. By James Ernst. The Macmillan Company. \$4.

MR. ERNST'S work is the first adequate and thoroughly scholarly biography which has been published of one of the most important figures in American history. The fact that no one else, in this biographical age, has attempted the task may be due to the decline of public interest in our early colonial period, to the equal decline of interest in religious controversy, and even more to the persistent belittling of Williams in the histories of New England, which have been written mostly by Massachusetts men, the descendants of Williams's old enemies. In my own book on New England I did my modest best to show the general misconception of Williams and to indicate that his importance in the history of American thought was much greater in the political than in the religious field. This is fully borne out by Mr. Ernst in a work of notable importance.

Williams was, indeed, the first great exponent of democratic doctrine in America, and although he was closely followed by Hooker, the influence of the Rhode Island founder was much greater for several reasons. Constantly involved as he was in religious disputations, his theories of government and of toleration were essentially modern in that they did not derive from his religious doctrines but were thought out independently on purely political lines. The three chapters on his philosophy are perhaps the best in the book and deserve a careful reading.

As a result of some years of study, including one of research in England, Mr. Ernst has been able to gather many hitherto unknown facts about Williams's life, notably concerning his family and social background. Little or nothing has been added to our factual knowledge of Williams in America. In a field so minutely tilled as early New England there is perhaps not much that is new to be discovered. It is rather noteworthy that in a volume which contains so

much evidence of research there are only, I believe, six references to manuscript sources.

Mr. Ernst is to be congratulated on writing seriously on a serious subject and not diluting his work with third-rate Stracheyisms. On the other hand, it must be confessed that he does not handle his material in such a way as to make his figure stand out as clearly as the general reader would wish. There are too many chips in the workshop. There is a considerable mass of antiquarian detail which might perhaps have better been left to local history than included in the biography. We are sometimes confused or surprised by finding ourselves set back several years and beginning over again with a situation which we thought we had left behind; and there is a good deal of unfortunate and at last rather annoying repetition. For example, the letter to Mrs. Sadlier is quoted on page 28 and again on page 59; the will of Alice Williams is quoted on page 18 and again on pages 112 and 228; and many more examples might be given. In a word, the book, which developed out of a doctoral dissertation, has some of the faults usually and unhappily found in such productions. I fear it will prove rather heavy reading for the public, although it seems likely long to remain the standard life of Williams, and properly so.

Mr. Ernst has performed a most useful service in discovering new information and in bringing together in one volume for scholars all that we are now ever likely to know about Williams; and it is quite unfair to quarrel with an author for not doing what he did not intend to do. As Mr. Ernst has now made himself the leading authority in this field, it may be suggested that if he could by elimination produce a life of Williams in about one-third the bulk of this one, bringing out his lovable character and the salient points in his career, and clearly expounding his political thought, he would render a service to Williams and the public almost equal to his present one. Meanwhile, the book as it stands is one of the important biographies of the year.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

The Man Mozart

Mozart. By Marcia Davenport. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

OF the possible methods of biography, Mrs. Davenport has chosen the one in which the biographer assumes subjective omniscience. This method, for obvious reasons, implies a quantum of fiction. Against Mrs. Davenport's assertion in the foreword that she does not offer the reader a romance must be set her contradictory statement that, having steeped her mind in data, she has set down in a continuous record what she believes to have happened. She has followed this principle to the point of inventing conversations and attributing to Mozart specific emotional responses, with the result that her narrative reaches at times a dramatized intensity indistinguishable from that of the novel.

For this vividness of presentation, the lay reader, to whom the book is avowedly addressed, will thank her. Save for his experiences as an infant prodigy on tour, Mozart led a life scarcely more interesting, in the eventful sense, than Schubert's. Generous, improvident, and proud, he struggled continuously against poverty. Moreover, his intellect was not such as to fascinate one with its brilliance, complexity, or depth. He is a prime example of the "pure" musician, who has nothing significant to say outside his music. Insignificant, too, was his physical appearance—short of stature, with an "oddly large, sandy poll and round, nearsighted gray eyes."

By making the most of every situation and dwelling upon

the emotional crises, Mrs. Davenport has written a biography that is frank, lively, and entertaining. Enthusiasm and honesty are its principal traits. She has told the truth about the man as she sees him, and her admiration for the genius overflows in her comments on his works. While she venerates the creator of tonal beauty, her attitude toward the human Mozart is symbolized by the portrait reproduced opposite the title page—a hitherto unpublished pastel devoid of flattery or idealization.

Her frankness extends to a few discreet quotations from the "astonishingly smutty letters" that have recently come to light. Well-nigh angelic spirit that he was in his highest flights of music, Mozart, when he dropped to earth again, took on the coloration of his environment. The salty speech of his native Salzburg came readily to his tongue, and in his gay moods his humor was more likely than not to have a Rabelaisian lustiness.

RAY C. B. BROWN

More Bottom Dogs

From Flushing to Calvary. By Edward Dahlberg. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

DAHLBERG'S second novel emerges from his first—"Bottom Dogs." Having laid his foundations there, he here uses cinematic photography of the life of Lorry and his mother, Lizzie, in their new environment, the suburban slums of Long Island. But again and again he cuts back to St. Louis, where Lizzie, in the first book, ran the Star Ladies' Barber Shop, and to the orphan asylum where Lorry grew up. The writing has escaped from the heavy realism that was so effective in "Bottom Dogs" into the rarefied, jazzy atmosphere already reproduced in the last two chapters of that extraordinary first novel. In both instances the language is skilfully and curiously adapted to the subject matter.

This is primarily Lizzie's book. She is stark truth. This poor, shrewd, unleavened lump of human clay, this bottom dog in the form of a poor, sick, old-before-her-time woman whose head is filled with an amorphous ugly tangle of tag ends of notions, memories, superstitions, the refuse of deadened emotions, achieves a kind of greatness, greatness as a living, fleshly symbol of a huge sisterhood; greatness in her own right, too.

The sensitive orphan boy, Lorry, sick in being, does not yet find himself. He is still an insignificant bit of the milieu that in its desultory shifting and milling drags him along with it. He is still the yearning waif, the bottom dog, the orphan boy who knows only two widely separated worlds between which there is no reconciliation—the world of his actual life and the world of his books.

Two achievements in the novel deserve special mention. One is the creation of the minor figure of Willy Huppert, the ambitious, idealistic German boy who enters the Lewis household. The boy is haunting; and those who have not known him previously by experience are removed from contact with the shifting world at the bottom of civilization. His stomach trouble, his glorified ambitions to become a fighter, his ways about the house, his ideas and his conscious thoughts, here revealed in clairvoyant flashes, are so familiar as to be startling. The other is the whole chapter called Coney Island Angelus Bells, a garish symphony, violent, discordant, in which the grinning humor turns to pitiful revulsion.

Dahlberg's gift lies in his ability to re-create actuality, either by a process of building up detail, as in his story of the orphan days in "Bottom Dogs," or swiftly, sharply, as in this novel. There is no character study here. There is neither psychology nor ideas nor meaning nor interpretation. When he gives the thoughts of his people, it is their immediate conscious thoughts which interest him. The thinking is merely a phase

of the realism. And his people are moths that flit in and out of the path of an intense light until, singed and defeated, they fall away into darkness. But during the intervals of light he sets them forth with remarkable accuracy, and in the same way he sets forth their background with definitive sureness. In Dahlberg we have a peculiar talent which has discovered its own unmistakable field of expression.

FRED T. MARSH

Shorter Notices

Peter Ashley. By DuBose Heyward. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

In this book Mr. Heyward seeks to recapture the mood of the South—more particularly, the mood of Charleston, South Carolina—during the few months immediately prior to the Civil War. It is a mood compounded of excited anticipation on the part of most of the younger men and of sorrowful apprehension on the part of some of the older ones, for they see that their children's children will never know the leisurely, prosperous, aristocratic way of living of the old South. Especially clear-headed is Peter Ashley's Uncle Chardon, who, unlike the Southern gentleman of joke book and musical comedy, and, for that matter, unlike most of his friends and relatives in this book, has Unionist rather than Secessionist sympathies. Chardon, incidentally, is a much more convincing character than his nephew Peter, who shilly-shallies around from pacifism to beligerency without much motivation. Most of the other characters, notably Damaris, who in true Southern fashion marries Peter only after he has proved his valor—and got himself all messed up—in a duel, are pretty thin. Moreover, the novel is very poorly organized, rambling on from horse races to duels to political discussions without rhyme or reason. An occasional factual description, such as that of a slave auction, is interesting; Mr. Heyward is a better reporter than novelist. You could cut the romanticism in this book with a knife, but then you could probably cut the romanticism in the old South with a knife also.

So a Leader Came. By Frederick Palmer. Ray Long and Richard Smith. \$2.

A prophetic novel, this enthralling description of the coming of the American Mussolini should be compulsory reading for those individuals who sigh for a dictator. Constant ("Think of that!") Spenser, a whirlwind Frank Merriwell of the most pronounced type, confounds the Marxists and gangsters and crooked politicians in double-quick time, makes a fortune, saves a ship, wins the heart of the people, dismisses Congress, and takes over the government. Constant ("Traveling Light!") Spenser is enough to make anyone ponder thoughtfully before giving active or passive support to a fascist movement. According to Colonel Palmer, the organization will take the line of opposition to communism, "the gangster menace," and the international bankers. The novel is written in a triple-spaced, newspaper correspondent's style, and is of great interest as a document.

Julius Caesar. By John Buchan. D. Appleton and Company. \$2.

The latter days of the Roman Republic form as repulsive a spectacle as any in history. It developed no governmental ideas adapted to the empire it had won. It kept evading the persistent social problem and depressed its farmer and working class by the exploitation of slave labor. The population was exploited by party machines and demagogues. Caesar offered the fascist answer to the problem in ancient terms. His umpire

emperor, holding arbitral powers between the warring classes, was, when the emperors were big enough men, relatively successful. But they too evaded the social problem, and when the empire came to an end, it left a vast population, lowered to the slave level, in the new makeshift institutions of feudalism. To Mr. Buchan's admiration for Caesar it is possible to consent, but not to his admiration for Caesarism. His short biography admirably condenses a great amount of history, is suggestive in its parallels and analogies, and is written in a clear and rapid style.

Drama

More Than Clever

INTO this drab and discouraging season there has come, at last, a thoroughly unpretentious little comedy so sure in its touch and so perfect of its kind that it revives one's faith in the theater as an institution and provides once more what our eighteenth-century ancestors were wont to call in their sensible way "a rational entertainment." My only fear is the fear lest I should spoil it for some of my readers by saying too much and by thus leading them on to expect some power or profundity, some dazzling wit or some wild hilarity, to which it does not pretend; and yet, unless I can say that "The Late Christopher Bean" (Henry Miller's Theater) is about as good as an unpretentious play can be, I shall have failed in my duty. It is not "important" and it does not dazzle. It is, as a matter of fact, so extremely slight that it might very well seem thin if it were not so skilfully written and so admirably played. But anyone who does not find it, nevertheless, a delightful evening in the theater is someone whose palate has been dulled by the rank flavors of our stage until he is unable to appreciate an ingenious comedy seasoned with wit and insight.

The piece, which comes to us from the French, is based upon a not too meaty anecdote about a neglected painter. He had died leaving behind him a collection of canvases forgotten by the family which had contemptuously befriended him, and the play is concerned with the events which take place when a plague of critics and dealers descend upon the bewildered custodians of these forgotten masterpieces. What it may have been like in the original I do not know, but it is evident that the present version owes most of its own merits to Sidney Howard, who has transplanted the action to New England and made it a comedy of shrewdly drawn characters. Both these characters and the scene are now so thoroughly indigenous that Mr. Howard evidently took over little except the anecdote itself and that anecdote is not important. What we have is purely native comedy contrived with a great deal of frankly theatrical skill, but redeemed from mere cleverness by touches of nature none the less real because they happen to be set forth in an artificial tale.

Mr. Howard is perhaps the very cleverest of our playwrights. Actors, directors, and critics alike recognize his unusual gift for putting together scenes which "go" in the theater. One of his scripts is a delight not only to audiences, but also to all those who have struggled to project over the footlights the work of other dramatists less knowing in the ways of the theater. It is equally true, however, that he has other qualities likely to be lost sight of in our admiration for this more showy but fundamentally less important virtuosity, and these qualities become evident enough when we compare his work with that of other "clever" playwrights. He has, that is to say, a shrewdness of insight, a genuineness of feeling, and a gift for literary expression which might be even more highly praised than they

are if they had happened to be found in a playwright whose clumsiness would cause them to be cited in extenuation. He has, one is tempted to say, too many talents for his own reputation, and there is danger that the lesser may sometimes obscure the greater.

In any event, it is not cleverness alone which is responsible for the charm of "The Late Christopher Bean." It is also the humanity—the New England characters hit off in a phrase—and the comic insight which enables him to treat with tolerant amusement the spectacle of a decent family plunged into intrigue by the possibility of sudden and miraculous wealth. When the maid of all work—played magnificently by Pauline Lord—walks off in the end with the precious canvases under her arm, it is theatrically "right" in the simplest sense. She is the Cinderella of the piece and her triumph is as satisfactory a happy end as the movies themselves could desire. But it is also more than that. This maid is a person, not a puppet; there is real feeling and real truth in her portrait. And what is true of her is true of all the rest. They are manipulated as skilfully as any mere craftsman could desire, but the piece is not an empty trick for all that. It has substance besides.

Perhaps it is not worth while to attempt to decide just how much is contributed by all who have had a hand in the final result. Good as the play is, it would not be half so good without Miss Lord as the maid, Walter Connolly as the head of the family, and Beulah Bondi as the acidulous mother. Neither would it be so good without Gilbert Miller's skilful directing. But the fact remains that it is good—almost too good to be true.

"Dangerous Corner" (Empire Theater) is another clever play—in intention at least—and conceivably it might be effective if someone else had developed its situation. The idea of allowing a group of respectable people to lead one another on until the skeleton in each closet has been dragged to light is good enough as ideas go, but as written by Mr. J. B. Priestley the play simply talks itself to death.

Miss Eva Le Gallienne's theater on Fourteenth Street has reopened, and its repertory already includes "Liliom," "Camille," and "The Three Sisters." Next week I shall perhaps have opportunity to compare Miss Le Gallienne's Camille with that of Lillian Gish, which is also current.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

It is a thousand miles from Broadway to the Martin Beck Theater, a block away, where the Irish Players are presenting a repertory program that includes all the old favorites of the Abbey Theater, a new prize tragedy, and a new comedy by Lennox Robinson, "The Far Off Hills" (which are always green). This last is a pleasant homey comedy, and the actors so play with and to each other that waves of delighted chuckles sweep the house. Indeed, after Broadway's guffaws, the civilized audiences at the Martin Beck are almost as refreshing as the Irish Players themselves.

L. G.

Architecture

Grain Elevators and Houses

RIDING past the famous grain elevators at Buffalo, early on a gray October morning, gave us an unpleasant jar, and stirred an old train of thought. The scene was so ugly! We had settled down to thinking of those grain elevators as monumentally beautiful, but it was only because of the repeated photographs. Not that there is any less grandeur in the forms; but what had been done in the pictures to obscure

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party. The general public likes it very much better than I do.

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make a sentimental comedy pleasant enough.

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THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN. Henry Miller Theater.
Reviewed in this issue.

THE GOOD EARTH. Guild Theater. Conscientious but none
too successful effort to make a play out of a successful novel.

WHEN LADIES MEET. Royale Theater. A very popular ser-
mon by Rachel Crothers.

the honest dust? And how had the photographer spirited away
the surroundings, which, seen from the train, are nothing but
the most dismal cinders and slag-heaps, jabbed by crooked tele-
graph poles? Modern industry!

This industry is apparently the same old industry that
aroused Carlyle and Ruskin and Morris to oppose it. Here's
the poor landscape, still torn, still bleeding, after a hundred
years or more. Here's our country, still a fortuitous agglomera-
tion of sooty sticks and scrap-iron and mounds of slag. The
homes the American people live in are for the most part still
unmitigatedly ugly. In the midst of this junk the grain eleva-
tors cannot really be monuments; they constitute only a
promise and a hope.

Am I saying only what has been said before? Not so.
Hitherto the broadest view of our architecture has been that
taken by the spiritual heirs of Ruskin and Morris, who have
advocated community planning and "garden cities" and who
have already provided us with some excellent demonstrations.
They have transformed the cinders and the junk. But here's
my point: they have in the process sought to destroy the mean-
ing of the grain elevator as well! For the promise of the grain
elevator is that industry itself will be wonderful when it once
comes clean. But in their appearance the Radburns and Marie-
mounts are not industrial at all. Their roots are back in the
preindustrial English cottage. And as the present mood of de-
feat and depression deepens, they retreat still farther, from
a fairly objective brick "colonial" to nostalgic high-gabled half-
timber.

The German leaders have been on a truer trail than ours.
They build their factories and their houses as if both were mem-
bers of the same great modern family. It is possible to criticize
their present phase as being sometimes "hard" or "monotonous,"
but it makes all the difference whether the criticism comes from
within the modern ideal or from behind it. Within, there are
possibilities of fruitful development. From being a "machine"
the house can go forward to become a more delicate "instru-
ment" adjusted to its uses as well as to its use. Such adjust-
ment the "cottage" can never have, being as a concept funda-
mentally retrospective.

The next step forward in building technology calls for
factory fabrication complete. For this, America is preeminently
equipped. If only the program could enlist the enthusiasm of
the men planning the new communities, what could we not get
done!

Hitherto we have hacked and slashed in the process of
setting up our industrial machine. Getting it under control, we
could now turn around and make it yield us a landscape filled
with human dwellings on an unprecedented level of quality and
with an unprecedented charm.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

Contributors to This Issue

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